

President McKinley

Gives an interesting interview in to-morrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch. Practical, helpful, entertaining.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

THE ONLY ST. LOUIS EVENING PAPER WITH THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES.

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SATURDAY EVENING—ST. LOUIS—JANUARY 22, 1898.

PRICE In St. Louis, One Cent.
Outside St. Louis, Two Cents.

William J. Bryan

Writes of his recent journey to Mexico for to-morrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch. A great story!

AN AGED RECLUSE BURNED TO DEATH.

Rev. T. W. B. Dawson Perished in the Flames That Consumed His Lonely Hut Near Troy, Ill., Friday Night.

Had Been a Baptist Clergyman and School Teacher in Madison County for Half a Century.

Became a Hermit After His Wife Died and Predicted the World Would Come to an End in 1898.

C. E. Ritter, Secretary of the Wyler Brokerage Co., arrived in St. Louis at noon-day with news that Rev. T. W. B. Dawson, an aged recluse widely known in Central Illinois, had burned to death in his cottage near Troy, Ill., Friday night.

All that remained of the queer little hermit was found in the ruins of his house Saturday morning and taken to the home of his son, T. W. B. Dawson, Jr., at Clay and Market streets, Troy.

Rev. Dawson was once pastor of the Baptist Church of Troy, and was for many years teacher in public schools in and around that town.

For nearly 20 years he had lived the life of a hermit in his cottage just outside the eastern limits of the town on the Troy and St. Jacobs road.

He was active in mind and body, despite his 80 years, and for half a century occupied the same seat in the little Baptist church at Troy every Sunday.

Friday night, shortly before 8 o'clock, residents of Troy saw a light in the sky east of town.

E. S. Donohoe started to the fire from his home on Center street. After walking half a mile, without apparently approaching any nearer to the fire, Mr. Donohoe concluded it was farther away than he had thought and returned home.

Saturday morning a party from Troy went in the direction where they had observed the light.

The cottage was a heap of smoldering embers. The body of Rev. Dawson was found under a pile of debris at the west end of the ruins. It was burned almost beyond recognition.

The house in which the reverend hermit met his terrible death was a story and a half frame with a gable roof. It had once been white, but time had changed its hue to a dull gray. It had been the old man's home for years before he became a recluse. He lived there with his wife until her death, 20 years ago.

He was a man of strong intellect and a great student in his younger days. In recent years his peculiarities caused concern and made him widely talked about for miles around.

He arrived at Troy in 1848, a newly or-

BESIEGED BY THE OTHER MAN.

Mrs. Smith-Thompson Sends no Presents Back

AND TROUBLE FOLLOWS HER.

SHE HAD PROMISED TO MARRY JOHN HANNAN, BUT LEARNED THAT HE WAS MARRIED.

SO SHE CHANGED TO THOMPSON

Her Cottage at Newport Surrounded by Police and Hired Detectives Employed by Hannan.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

NEWPORT, N. Y., Jan. 22.—Joseph H. Thomas, Jr., of New York and Mrs. Charles Smith of Newport were married in Grace Chapel, New York, a week ago Thursday.

John H. Hannan of Brooklyn was the disappointed suitor—a very demonstrative suitor. Hence the biggest scandal the town has had since New York's "440" went to town in the fall.

And this moral, if not legal, question is sprung: "Has a rejected suitor the right to his presents, trifling and real estate, even if he is a married man rich and fashionable?"

Mr. Hannan had been engaged in Newport the day after their marriage, but last night the Conkling cottage, on Park Place, was in a state of siege, with the special policemen, two out-of-town detectives, and, occasionally, Mr. Hannan.

Three years ago he bought a 40-acre farm and built the house in which he was burned to death Friday night.

After the death of his wife, in 1878, he was a changed man. He became self-centered, avoiding others except when he went to church on Sundays. He had always been a great student. After the change came he was more devoted to his books than ever and spent much of his income from his farm for literature. He accumulated a splendid library, which was destroyed with his life and his house.

Ten years ago the old man, who had been a changed man, had his wife, started the good citizens of Troy by announcing a change of faith. He had been reading the literature of the Second Day Adventists One Sunday, in the little Baptist Church, and announced that he believed with the Adventists that Saturday should be observed as the Sabbath. He would so observe it, though he proposed to live and die a Baptist.

After the little old man passed his Saturday in seclusion and prayer, he continued to attend the Baptist Church on Sunday.

In 1896 he leaped into prominence by prophesying the end of the world. He said the world would be destroyed by fire in 1898.

The prophecy coming from Father Dawson caused a profound sensation. It was sent broadcast and was widely discussed in the town, especially by Second Day Adventists.

As far as the aged hermit was concerned his prophecy was fulfilled. Within the appointed time his little world, his home, his books, his life were destroyed by fire. When face to face with death the awful danger that threatened him may have had no terror for the queer old man. It was for him the coming of the millennium.

In recent years the old man, on the few occasions when he talked to anyone, told queer tales of visions which appeared to him in his cottage. On other points his mind was normal, but he became highly indignant when his stories about the visions were questioned.

Rev. Dawson would have been 89 years old next month. He was a wizened little man, 5 feet in height. His hair was white and he kept his face smooth shaven.

T. W. B. Dawson, Jr., is his only living relative. He had a comfortable income from his farm, but it is not believed he had hoarded any considerable amount of money.

FIVE YEARS' WAGES

Awarded Lizzie Lay for Twenty-Five Years' Service as a Domestic.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

SANDFORD, Ill., Jan. 22.—In the County Court here today Miss Lizzie Lay was awarded judgment for \$100 against the estate of Sandford McNutt, deceased. She had been employed as a domestic in his family for 25

SHOWER OF METEORIC STONES.

MR. GLADSTONE DECLINING.

Expresses Weariness of Life on Account of Pain.

CANNES, Jan. 22.—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone drove out at noon to-day. Mrs. Gladstone was helped down the steps into a carriage by a nurse and valet. Mr. Gladstone wore a thick overcoat with the collar turned up all the way to his chin. He descended the steps in the slowest manner, leaning heavily upon a stick and using the umbrella, and was lifted into the carriage. There was no one to run. The rumors of yesterday regarding Mr. Gladstone's health were further confirmed to-day. He is extremely weak and so affected as a result of neuralgic pains that he expressed a desire that all were over.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

CHARLESTON, Ill., Jan. 22.—Last spring a man and woman, giving their names as Charles and Linn Houston, and passing as man and wife, took a horse and buggy from the hitch yards in this city and, driving to Terre Haute, tried to sell the outfit. It was a case of "boss stealing," and they were quickly run down, apprehended, and brought back to the city jail. When their trial came up at the April term of Circuit Court the woman pleaded guilty and was sent to Joliet to serve a term of years, while the man's case was dismissed. The woman had been tried for trial again. The woman had been brought back to testify, and the result was that he went free. The woman who gave the trial a chance to continue the old story of woman's love for a profligate husband. Rather than have him go to prison and turn the disreputable woman out, after bear the reproach of having been a criminal, she took the sin upon herself. Sunday night she got back to her lonely home, and the man who came to "cherish and protect" walks the earth a free man.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

ATCHISON, Kan., Jan. 22.—Missouri Pacific reports are that a snowstorm prevails from Omaha to Atchison and as far west as Downs, Kan., 200 miles in the interior of the State. The snow was five inches deep at 11 a. m., and still falling rapidly.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Jan. 22.—Willie Hill, the 12-year-old horse-thief, who has been in jail a dozen times within two years for various offenses, was arrested again for robbing a store at Leaf River, he being caught on the way home in the night with quite a quantity of stolen goods in his possession. This is his fourth arrest; the first within a week.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 22.—The heavy snowstorm of the season is in progress to-day. It began snowing last night and continued throughout the night and is still coming down, with no immediate prospect of stopping.

The snow is general throughout Kansas and Western Missouri and will be of much benefit to farmers.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

WOMAN CANDIDATE FOR CIRCUIT CLERK.

THE FIRST TO ENTER THE POLITICAL FIELD IN MACON COUNTY.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

MACON, Mo., Jan. 22.—The first woman in this county to attempt to take advantage of the Supreme Court's decision authorizing women to hold office in Missouri is Miss Edna G. Johnson, at present a successful teacher in the Intermediate department of the public school at Atlanta. She announces her to the local papers this week as an independent candidate for the office of Circuit Clerk, and her handbill is being distributed widely by the young lady's friends also. Miss Johnson is about 22, was born in Tonica, La Salle County, Ill., and was taught school in Saline and Clinton counties for two years and has worked in the Post office here. Through the efforts of herself and her friends she has been purchased for their presents. Miss Johnson is bright, pleasant and peculiarly important one.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

MISS EDNA G. JOHNSON.

throughly businesslike. She will make an interesting figure for the office, which the heavy load of work of this county makes a peculiarly important one.

A special officer calls down later and interested into the matter, but he went away without making any arrests.



HOUSE IN WHICH REV. DAWSON WAS BURNED.

ARMENIAN PERSECUTIONS.

Many of Them Arrested and Several Thousand Expelled.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 22.—There is great unrest at Van, where the police are making a house-to-house search for a man named Deryan, a revolutionist from the Caucasus. Many Armenians have been arrested and several thousand of them have been expelled. The Armenian Bishop has resigned, owing to the fruitlessness of his intervention in behalf of his co-religionists.

IS NOW A MILLIONAIRE.

A Missouri Newspaper Man Heirs to Fortune.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Jan. 22—Dowler B. Newberry, a newspaper man of this city, and author of Masonic publications, has received a notification to pursue a claim held by himself and relatives to a large English estate, which has been in litigation for years. Originally the property involved amounted to \$200,000, and now it has added to it by the amount of a British banking compound interest an amount that will swell it up into millions.

Gov. Tanner's Trip.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 22—Gov. Tanner and Mrs. Tanner and party leave for Hot Springs at 4 p. m. The party includes Col. and Mrs. John W. Gath, Col. and Mrs. John Drake, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Peters, Hon. D. L. Little, H. J. Hamline, Springfield. They will remain a week.

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BOYCE IS NOW OUT OF SIGHT.

He Was at Cincinnati at a Critical Time for Hanna.

TALKED OVER THE PHONE.

HIS CONVERSATIONS WERE TAKEN DOWN AND ARE IN EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM.

THE OHIO BRIBERY INQUIRY.

Some Interesting Facts Are Being Gathered by the Committee, Which Went to Cincinnati for Evidence.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 22.—The Legislative Committee that arrived from Columbus yesterday continued its investigation to-day of the Otis charges of bribery in the recent election of United States Senator. Representative Otis, who resides here, and who made the charges, was not present.

Some interesting testimony was de-

volved in the resolution adopted separately by both branches of the Ohio Legislature to demand that the Otis come to the Gibson House in this city a few days before the balloting for United States Senator began at Columbus and make a statement of his position. Representative Otis, Boyce stopped at the Gibson House. The members of the committee and some of the party were examining the telephone and by Boyce and other scenes, including the apartments occupied by Boyce when he was here.

It was learned that the committee that Boyce fled from this city Monday, Jan. 10, and that he cannot now be located. The committee has exhausted its resources in trying to secure his attendance as a witness.

The committee witnessed quite a telephoning session between the committee and the Great Southern Hotel at Columbus (which was the headquarters of the anti-Hanna men during the recent contest) was taking in the private office of the Gibson House, and in Columbus Jerry Biles and his steers were at the phone downstairs in the hotel office, taking off all that was said. This was done to show that all the anti-Hanna men taken with certain parties in Columbus were taken down, while Boyce was here and the Senate election contest was going on at the State Capitol.

It is alleged that the conversations were taken down and are a matter of record, without any wire tap, as the telephone phones in the Gibson House are all on the same circuit.

Mr. B. Dunbar, President and Manager of the Gibson House, was the only witness examined last night. Mr. Dunbar was on the witness stand during the meeting and produced his bill, reciting how Mr. Henry H. Boyce of New York occupied room 23 from Jan. 7 to Jan. 10. Mr. Dunbar said that the clerks were around and that the clerks watched Boyce all the time. Allen O. Myers, Jr., one of the day clerks, arranged for a stenographic report of the conversation and the telephone during the day. Russell Pritchett, the night clerk, took down the conversations and wrote them up in the private office on the second floor whenever he wanted it, and the arrangements down-stairs were always complete for reports of whatever was on the telephone. When Boyce was using the private office, the stenographer who had a desk in the office, which was the telephone office, too, but too drunk to move on lines sufficiently straight or direct to collide, while the telephone was being used to hold on. We made a trip around the world and did not hear dirtier language or witness dirtier scenes in any part of paganism, heathenism, man in a great hotel within a stone's throw of Ohio's State House. Between the vast reception room and the main entrance, in an archway through which the tide of human debauchery and infamy were ebbing and flowing.

Mr. Dunbar recited many of these conversations in the telephone office. In one of them "the Major" was called to Columbus and said: "Shane and the President will arrange things on Saturday."

Boyce said: "I want money. How can I handle him?" The reply from Columbus was: "I suppose you are trying to get what you want." Mr. Dunbar said that Boyce said: "No, I would kill him. Dead men tell no tales."

Mr. Dunbar testified that Allen O. Myers, Jr., who was in Columbus as one of the managers against Hanna, was called upon Friday night, Jan. 7, by Jerry Biles and his steers, and they were at Boyce was doing. Myers advised Biles that a man named Hollenbeck would leave Columbus on Saturday. That night he money and to have him watch. The next morning the Miller Detective Agency was employed to watch Boyce and keep track of him.

Jan. 8, H. H. Hollenbeck of Chardon, No. registered at the Gibson for breakfast. No record of him was made, but he was seen to communicate with Boyce.

The next name on the register to that of Hollenbeck was E. H. Archer, Columbus, O., who was a friend of Mr. Dunbar. Mr. Dunbar showed the registers to the committee with all these names and stated that Mr. T. M. McNamee, manager of the traction managers of this city, pointed out Hollenbeck to him and to the detectives.

They watched all the movements of Hollenbeck and used the telephone. The conductor had been forced into one corner of the coach, and was battling against his oppressors. The two young men who came to his aid. The aid of two athletic boys who have had experience in football games soon reversed the condition of things, and the toughs were fired bodily from the train.

The most astonishing results in healing wounds have been shown by Salvation Oil.

SCHEMERS SUCCEEDED

SENATOR WHITE'S ELECTION AS CHAIRMAN WAS A SLAP AT FREE SILVER.

IT WAS WORKED BY CROKER.

Bailey and Gorman Aided Him and the Texan May Have Some Explanation to Do at Home.

GOBLIN HAUNTS THE TOWN OF OLD MONROE.

Well-Known Residents of the Village Describe the Mysterious Shape Here Pictured by a Post-Dispatch Artist.



THE SPOOK AT OLD MONROE.

As Described by Citizens, Who Say They Were Terrified by It.

Old Monroe, a town 50 miles from St. Louis, on the Burlington, is much exercised over the appearance of what some believe to be the devil. Several of the best residents of the little place are now keeping the monster, whatever it is, and these have been described what they saw to a Post-Dispatch reporter and a Post-Dispatch artist.

The Old Monroe goblin is said to be nearly 9 feet tall, with eyes like two illuminated saucers.

The village pride is at stake in the goblin. It gives the town a distaste in individuality. It makes it notable. It keeps both the young and old in a state of continual fear.

William Bothe, 16, of the goblin society for the sewing society and the corner grocery.

The village is said to be a mere rod in length, the waves as it grew and grew, and now it is taller than the tallest man and cannot pass through a house door.

The cattle which graze on Old Monroe hills are listening to the goblin tales told them by the village milkmaids. The cows are more at night and there is danger of a milk famine.

Hard of Old Monroe is a giant. One may go to him and get a good night's sleep.

The church is the goblin dweller. The church is the goblin dweller. The church is the goblin dweller.

William Bothe and his brother Henry are relatives. They are men of other character and use the truth.

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IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS

READY FOR THE WORD.

PREPARATIONS COMPLETE FOR
TO-NIGHT'S BICYCLE RACES
IN THE COLISEUM.

LIST OF EVENTS AND ENTRIES.

Eaton and Coburn, the Champion
Riders, in Fine Fettle and Likely
to Crack a Few Records.

All is in readiness for to-night's bicycle tournament in the Coliseum, and it promises to be the biggest affair of its kind St. Louisans have ever seen.

The great event to-night will, of course, be the meeting between Jay Eaton, the "Indoor King," and Willie Coburn, the local champion.

The full programme to-night will be: Race No. 1, one mile open, in heats and final, professional; 2, one mile heats and final, amateur; 3, one mile competition in heats and final, professional; 4, match race, one, two and three miles, best two in three, Jay Eaton vs. Willie Coburn.

The entries for the first two of the above events closed last night and there are as follows:

One mile, professional—Bob Walthour, Atlanta; John Paquette, New Orleans; W. S. McNamee, Indianapolis; Frank Hayes and George Quinn, Memphis; George Kramer, Chicago; Lou Coburn, Jack Coburn, Bert Harding and E. C. Schultze, St. Louis; Bert Hayes and Peter B. Hayes, Indianapolis. One mile, amateur—C. R. McCarthy, R. Buder, J. C. Weldner, C. W. Hatch, Joe Shantz, Frank White, W. W. Wentworth Steels, Alex Laine, H. C. Upshaw, H. C. Strothotto and Ernest Harding.

It will be seen by the above that all the events have filled well and the racing is to be a high quality. The races between Eaton and Coburn will be none of the others would be worth going miles to see. All the riders who are to compete got here early and all of them have had some practice on the track. It is the opinion of many that McCarthy and Walthour will win their races. Frank White and Alex Laine are the best amateur riders in the mile amateur, but McCarthy should have very little trouble in disposing of them. If anywhere out west, he will be as he has done in the past. While Frank Alpine's record naturally makes him second choice for the mile professional it would be a good bet that he will not be far behind Frayne finished ahead of him. Great interest centers in the Coburn-Eaton match race. Eaton is picked as the probable winner.

To-night's race will commence at 8 p. m. sharp, with E. N. Sanders officiating as referee and Jack Prince doing the starting.

The Southwest Cycle Club.

The Southwest Cycle Club will give a selection to its members and their friends at the club, 220 St. Louis Avenue, Tuesday evening, Jan. 22. The entertainment committee will try and eclipse all the other efforts as the members have made preparations for a large attendance. Valuable and useful prizes will be awarded to the winners.

Play will commence at 8 p. m. and continue until 10:30, following which a musical programme will be rendered by the popular Olympia Mandolin Orchestra, Fred C. Ufer.

BIG JIM AND LITTLE GEORGE.

Corbett and Siler Come Together at Chicago and Split a Bottle.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—James J. Corbett and George Siler met by appointment to-day at the Auditorium Hotel and talked over their recent newspaper war. Several reporters made a point of being present. Corbett shook hands cordially with Siler when the latter entered the room. On his invitation, both parties adjourned to the bar, where the two enjoyed their drinks to each other over a few small bottles.

Corbett thought that Siler was angry because he had been beaten in the fight, but the referee was precluded in favor of Fitzsimmons. Siler was angry because in a discussion of the fight he was quoted as saying that he had been held by Siler in the famous sixth round. Corbett at once said that this was not true.

Corbett said that his opinion Siler really was prejudiced in favor of Fitzsimmons; not dishonestly so, but unconsciously so, as the referee in his opinion the sixth round Siler had caused him to lose two seconds. Siler denied this and the referee was precluded in favor of Fitzsimmons.

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20 words or less. 10c.
BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS. 10c per line.

BARTENDER—Married man wants position as bartender or any place of trust; 8 years' experience. Ad. T 778, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Thoroughly competent and experienced bookkeeper desires position; A1 city references. Ad. T 778, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Situation as bookkeeper or clerk desired by young man of good address; German; good refs. Ad. Adolph Schroeder, Belleville, Ill.

BOOKKEEPER—Wanted, by competent young man, 22 years old, situation as bookkeeper or clerk. References. Ad. C. T. Vaughan, 445 West Belle St.

BOOKKEEPER—Wanted, position as bookkeeper or other office work by young man having five years' experience. Ad. D 777, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—A boy of 16 desires position as office boy; understands typewriting and shorthand; good refs. Ad. M 784, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—Neat colored boy of 18 wants position to do business; good boy; best of references. Ad. G 781, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—German boy of 15 wishes situation in butcher shop; has one year's experience; reference. Ad. G. O. Altig, 2104 S. Vandeventer av.

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MAN—Situation in downtown saloon or restaurant; wants to make a change; good references. Ad. L 785, Post-Dispatch.

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MAN—Wanted, situation by young colored man; good; good washer; can tend house; private references. Ad. M 783, Post-Dispatch.

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MAN—Young man wants work as cook's helper; has had some experience; city or country. Ad. P 778, Post-Dispatch.

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MEN AND WOMEN WANTED—To handle our new goods; this is no fake, but you can make good money by addressing Standard Novelty Co., Coopersburg, Pa.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED—In every town, to \$5 per day; experience unnecessary; for particular interest. Ad. 4124 Sherman, Springfield, Mo.

NIGHT WATCHMAN WANTED—Must be fairly advanced in age; appearance good; must be ready to furnish bond; none but those who are above should present their bond; must be 15 to 20 years of age; must be able to read; hours, 6 to 6, Monday to Friday; must be sober, reliable; good; good washer; wages \$1.50 per week; state whether married or single and include references, which will be checked; good handwriting; in own handwriting. H 789, Post-Dispatch.

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SALESMEN WANTED—Experienced salesmen on commission; sell cigars as side line; straight goods; no prizes given away; merit only wins; established 27 years. O. F. Merriman & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PRESS FEEDER WANTED—Experienced salesmen on commission; sell cigars as side line; straight goods; no prizes given away; merit only wins; established 27 years. O. F. Merriman & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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PRIVATE DISEASE—Situation as a speciality at Franklin Avenue Free Dispensary, 1211 Franklin av.

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SUNDAY
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the Chinese
wall."

ROUND ONE -
A "DRAW."

WHAT CHINA WOULD DO.

DRAWN BY
"PANG"
THE DRAGON
WILL FRIGHTEN -



CHINESE ROCKETS WILL DESTROY
FLEETS

DRAWN BY
"PANG"



大勝

若文戰未知勝負

- AND GERMAN CUSTOMS
PREVAIL.

DRAWN BY
HADENDORF.

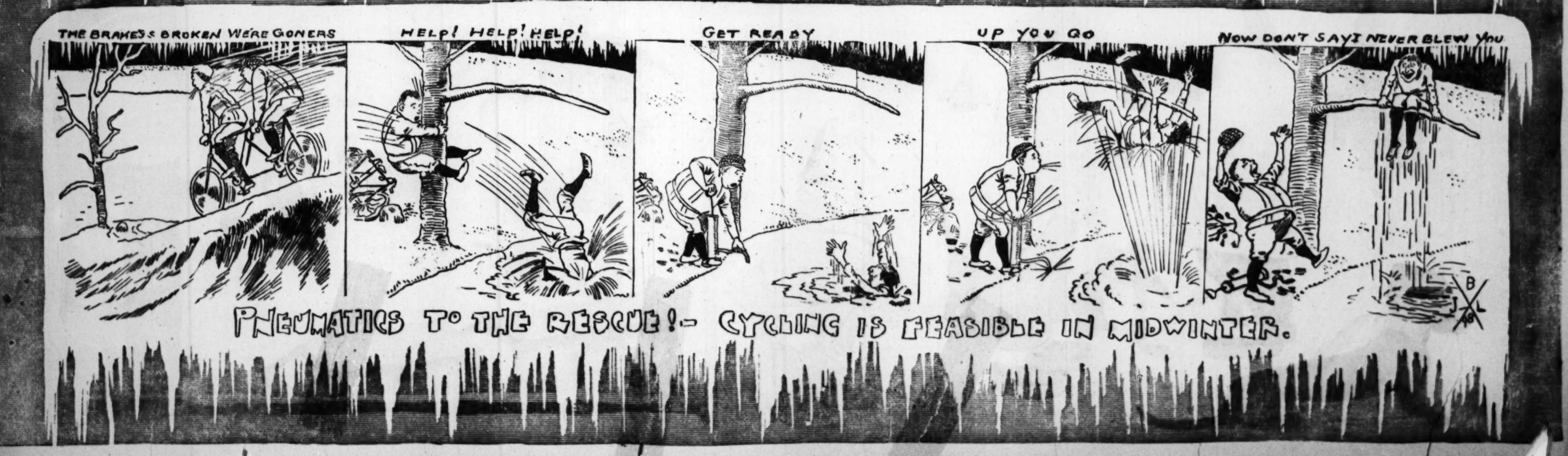
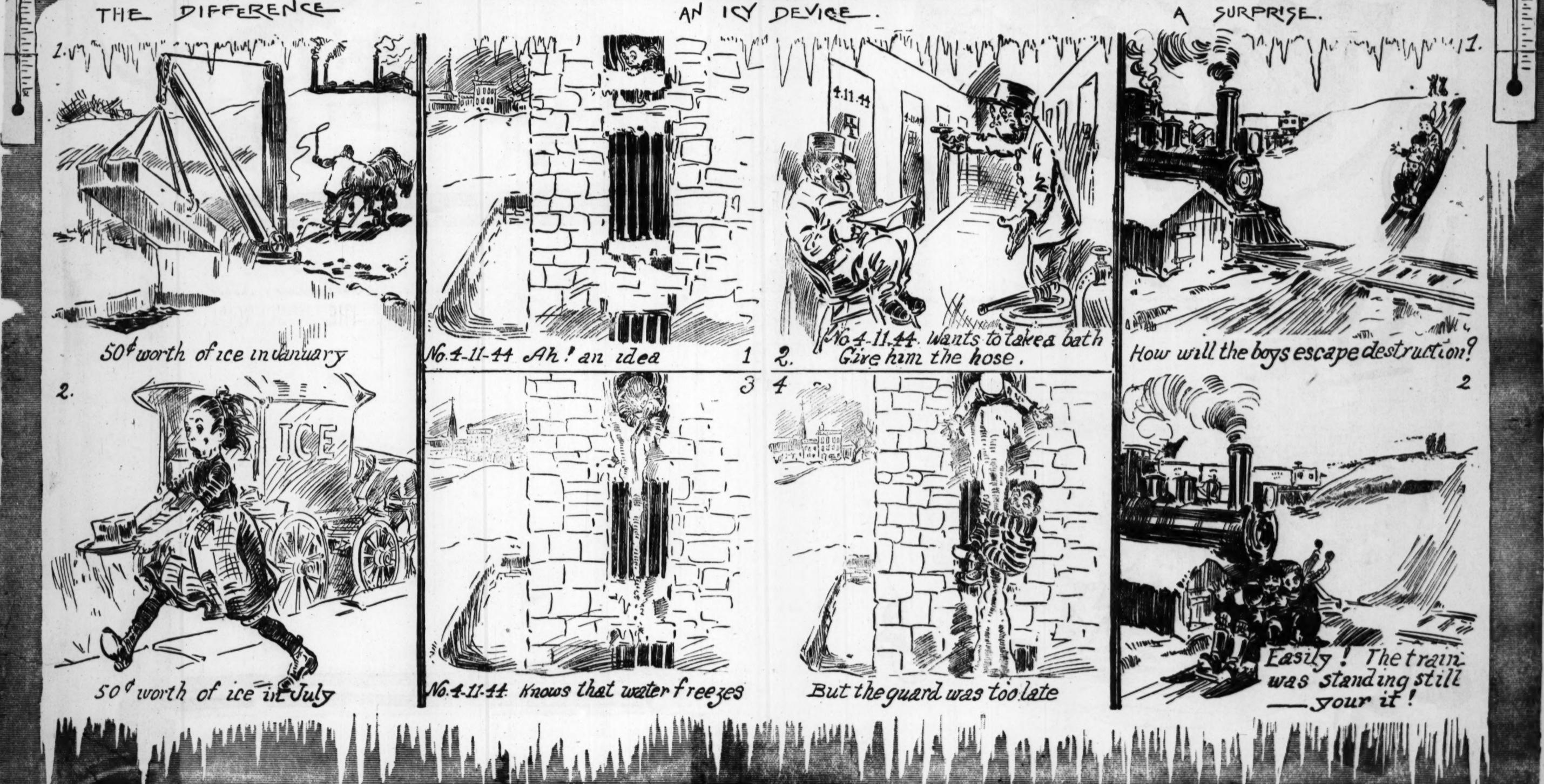
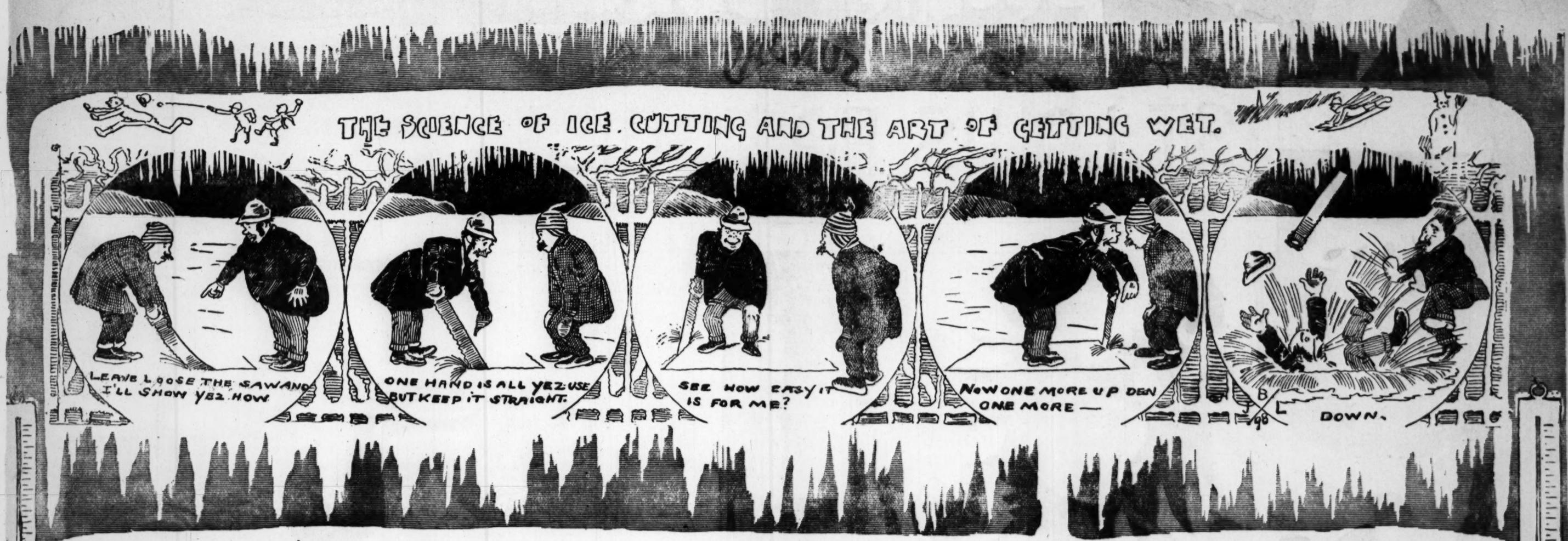
ROUND THREE
ENDS
THE "DRAW."

DRAWN BY
"PANG"
- AND CHINESE
CUSTOMS PREVAIL.



德国得未知是鳥

FROM BICYCLES TO ICYCLES---MIDWINTER FUN



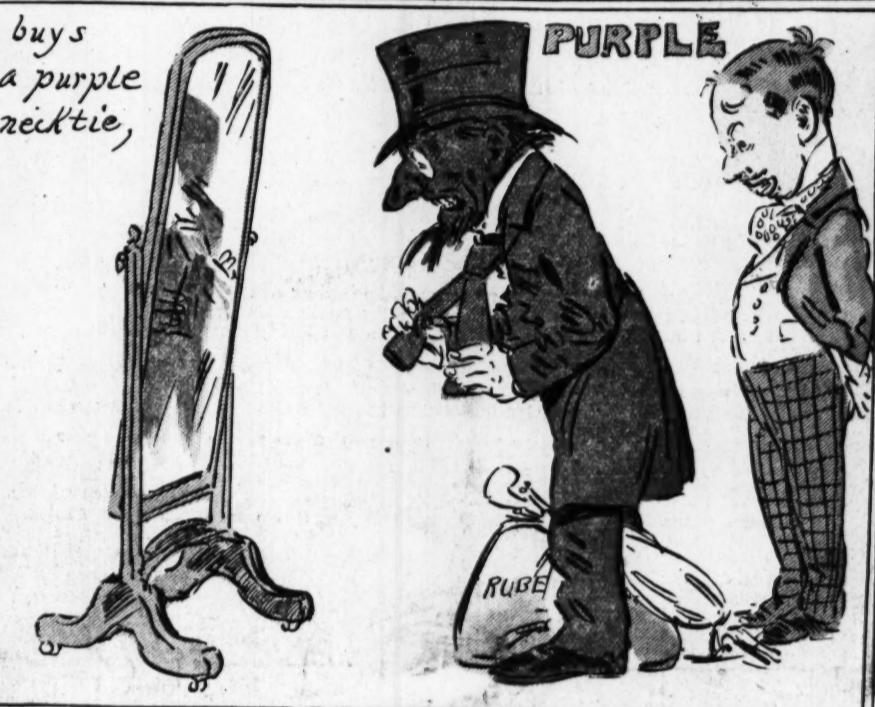
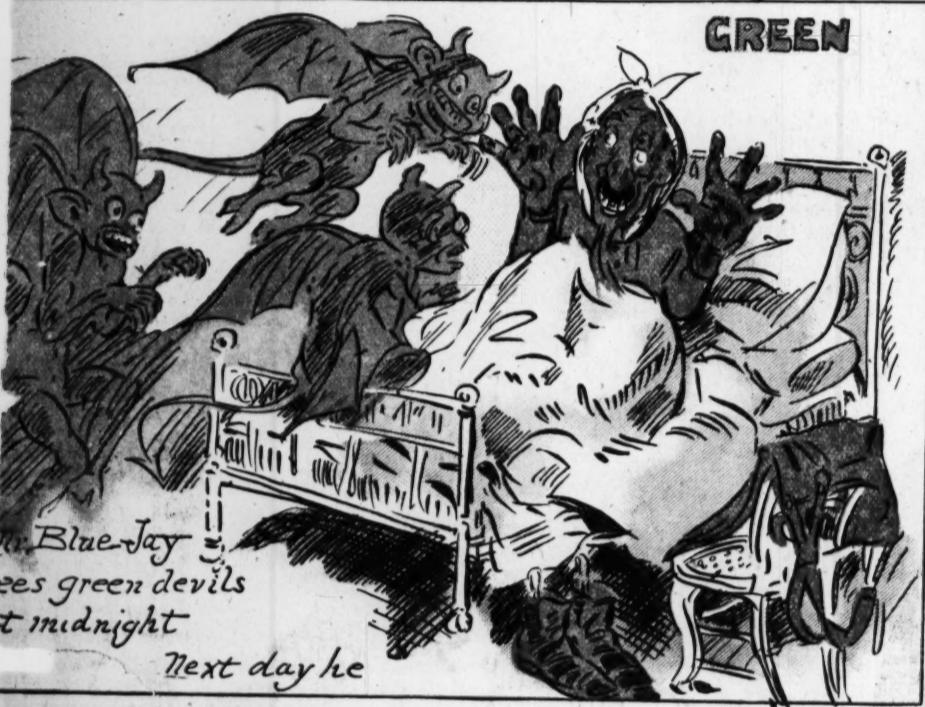
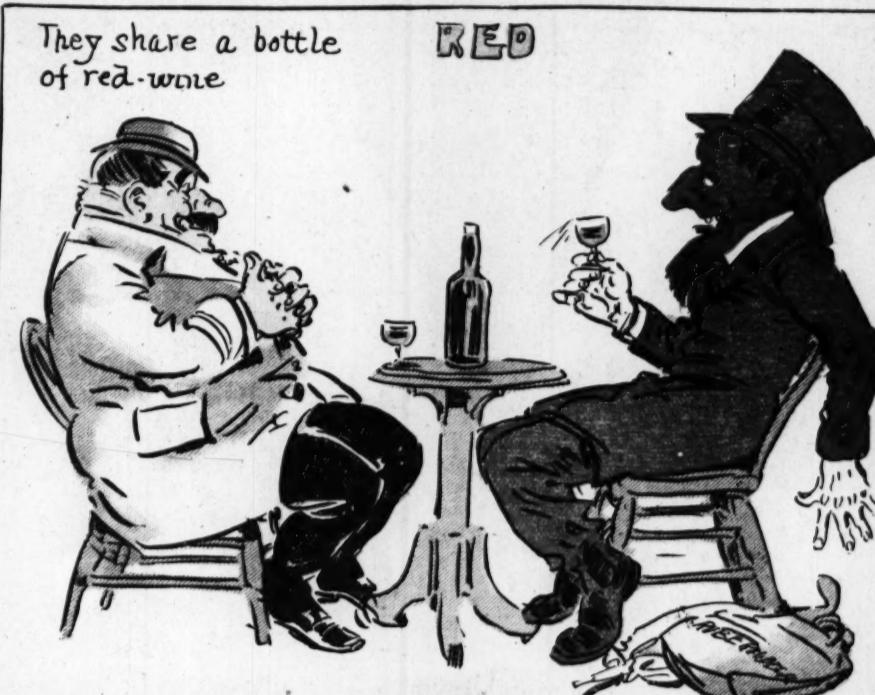
SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1898.

FOR THE THIRD TIME IN THE HISTORY
OF MEN, NATIONS AND COLORED SUPPLIES,
THE SECOND TIME BEING ON
PAGES 4 & 5 OF COMIC WEEKLY, JAN. 16.

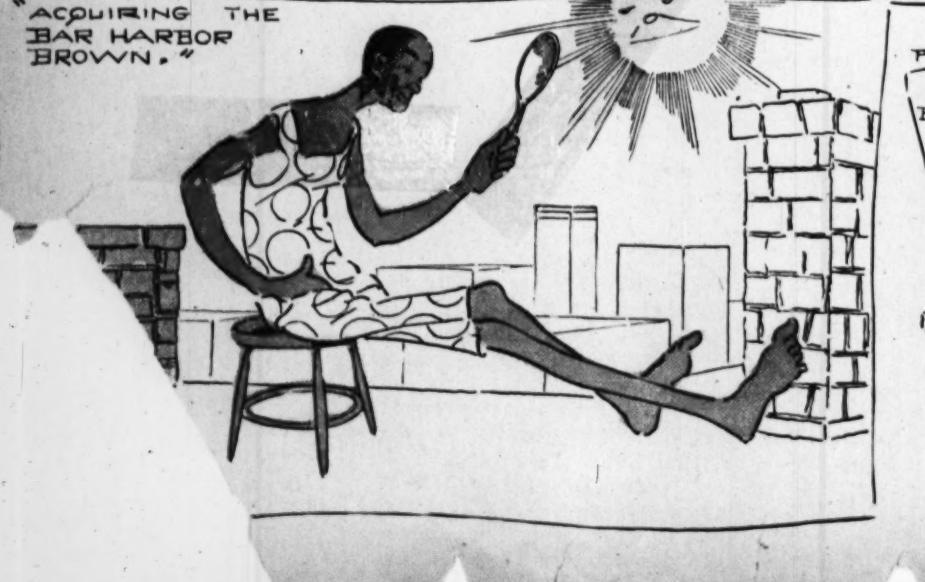
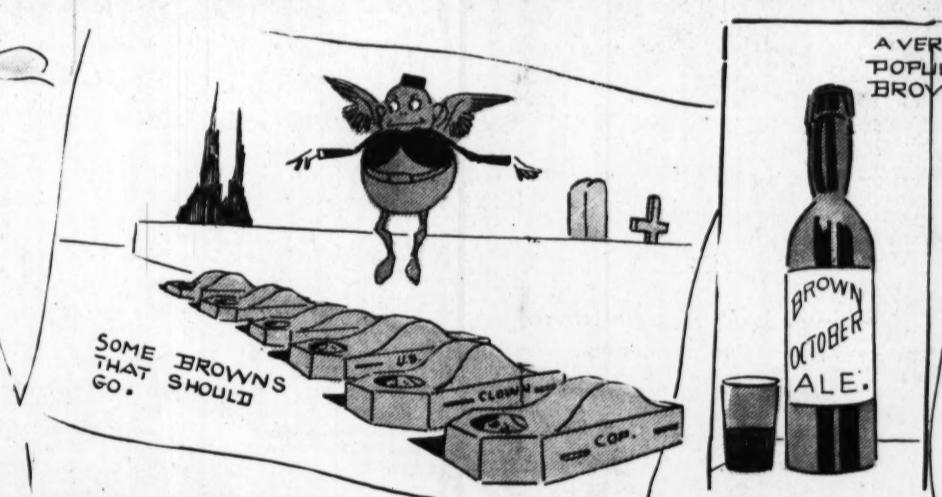
FOR THE THIRD TIME IN THE HISTORY
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PAGES 4 & 5 OF COMIC WEEKLY, JAN. 16.

COMICS TOLD BY COLORS.

Here's a Color Story Without Words, Although a Few Words Are Used, in Case You're Color-Blind.



And Here We Have a Page Done Up Brown, Being a Few Chocolate Bon-Bons by Artist Rigby.



ADVANCE VALENTINES FROM GREATER NEW YORK TO SISTER CITIES.

Father Knickerbocker, Miss Brooklyn and the Three Little Boroughs Have Grown Very Proud Since the Great Big Name, "Greater New York," Was Attached to Their Household—Perhaps They Think They Can Afford to Utter These Pictorial Sneers Under the Thin Guise of Comic Valentines.



LAUGHS IN NEW YORK HOSTELRIES-TOLD BY HOTEL CLERKS.

E HOTEL CLERK OF THE STAGE POLISHES UP HIS DIAMOND SHIRT PIN AND YELLS "FRONT!" IN A VOICE THAT SEEMS TO COME FROM HIS BACK—THE REAL HOTEL CLERK, AT LEAST THE KIND FOUND IN THE BIGGEST AMERICAN CITY, IS A VERY DIFFERENT PERSON—HE'S A SOBER SORT OF CITIZEN, BUT HE CAN OCCASIONALLY TELL A GOOD ONE.

BUT, THEN, IT'S A CHICAGO JOKE.

By F. W. Peacock, Clerk at the Hoffman House.

This one will appeal to folks who believe that puns are jokes. I might say that I do not hold belief. A guest at a Chicago hotel remarked one morning to the clerk: "They rolled in hot and heavy at last." What?" asked the clerk. "The rolls," said the punster.

HOT TIME IN NO. 64.

By James C. Schuyler, Clerk at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Here is a story I've laughed at many times. See? In a Western hotel there was a blackboard on which the clerk would write instructions for the room, a hasty Irishman. One day the clerk received a request for a fire from the occupant of room 64. So he wrote on the blackboard: "Fire No. 64." The porter came in, saw the order and proceeded to execute it. In a few minutes he returned. His face was scratched, his clothes were torn and he was breathing heavily. "Well," he announced, "Ol' mushy say he was a mighty respectable lookin' mon, an' he made a am hard fought. But Ol' fired him, never fear. But Ol' fired No. 64."

A THREAT AS WAS A THREAT.

By William Paxton, Clerk at the Eureka, 280 Bowery.

Here's an awful threat made by a guest at this hotel one night. Another man who had drunk a s much for his own good caused himself by knocking the hat off the head of the quiet sw. Finally the quiet one said, as he placed the hat on his head: "If you knock my hat off, you won't knock it off again."

It was a double-barreled threat and somewhat obscure, but it was effective.

ONE WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.

By J. F. Rossiter, Clerk at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

They used to tell a funny story about a hotel in the West where I worked. A dead beat stopped at a neighboring town and stayed for a week at the leading hotel, when his bill was presented. He had no money, and the landlord took nearly all of his clothes, leaving him only with underwear, shoes and a linen duster.

The dead beat got on a train and went to the town where I was working, reaching the hotel at a late hour. He was shown to his room without his lack of apparel being noted, as his linen duster was a long one.

Once in his room he waited for two hours and then set up the cry that his room had been entered and his clothing, watch and \$600 in money stolen. He made an awful roar, and it cost the proprietor about \$100 to settle with him.

WOFUL LACK OF SUICIDAL NEEDS.

By George Bullwinkle jr., Clerk at the Hotel Autie.

About the funniest man we ever had here was a solemn-looking chap who came in late one night and went to his room. An hour later he came into the office as mad as a hornet.

After some time he quieted down enough to tell his troubles.

"I came here," he declared, "to commit suicide by turning on the gas, and you put me in a room lighted by electricity."

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE YOUNG.

By James Brown, Clerk at the Glenmore Hotel, Chatham Square.

This joke is not new; it has nothing to do with the hotel business, and yet I laugh every time I think of it.

A fat woman enters a street-car where all the seats are occupied. A diminutive messenger boy with a thin piping voice cries out:

"I will be one of three gentlemen to get up and give the lady a seat."

THIS ELEVATOR NEEDS TWO LICENSES.

By C. E. Crawford, Clerk at the Marlborough.

In a Texas hotel a guest who had just registered asked the clerk: "Is there an elevator in the hotel?"

"Sure thing," said the clerk. "Just step through that green balsa door there and ask the gentleman behind the bar for four fingers of his best bourbon. That will elevate you all right."

THE PERQUISITES OF THE PROFESSION.

By Henry Jackson, Clerk at the Palma House, No. 90 Bowery.

One of our guests came in about midnight on the first night of his stay so drunk that he had to be hauled upstairs.

The next night he was not so drunk, but caused more trouble, as he broke into the wrong room and it required the combined efforts of four men to convince him of his error.

The next night he entertained friends in his room and indulged in a game of poker. In order to keep him and his friends quiet enough for the rest of the folks in the house to sleep we had to call a policeman, who went up and threatened to arrest the crowd.

The next day the man asked for his bill. When it was presented he inquired: "What discount do you give to ministers?"

UNDERSIZED.

By Noisy Dan, Clerk at the Black Bird Hotel, 10 Pell Street. Beds, 10 Cents.

It is the man with money who has fun these days. Which reminds me of the story of the man who stopped for three days at a hotel noted as much for its high prices as for its magnificent furnishings. When the man stepped to the cashier's window and asked for his bill he was fondling a large roll of money. The cashier looked at his ledger and then looked at the man's roll. He made some calculations while casting furtive glances at the man's display of currency.

Then he answered: "Your bill is \$116."

"Guess again, you thief," replied the man. "I have more money than that."

FUNNY MEN TRY TO WRITE IN CHAPTERS—PERHAPS THEY'RE JEALOUS OF NOVELISTS

'E MYSTERY OF MUFFIN'S MOAT; OR, DANIEL DOOLEBON'S DARK DEED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROKEN NAPKIN-KING; OR, THE SECRET OF HAROLD HERKIMER."

CHAP. I.
There was a girl named Mary Ann, who never shed a tear. When told to go and chase the can—A lot, she loved to be. —Edward W. Bok.

"Hoo! the wolf!" Mortimer Mushingham was a man of beauty and wealth. Therefore it was no wonder he was the star boarder at Muffin's Moat.

Nor was it any wonder that Daniel Doolebon hated him as he hated a sound tooth, for Mortimer Mushingham loved Mrs. Muffin, too.

"Hoo!" the latter often mused in derision of his rival's progress, "the only pull he has with the

lady pertains to her teeth."

But Daniel Doolebon said nothing and awaited for an opportunity to prove the superiority of brains over beauty. And now that opportunity had arrived.

Thrusting his pockets full of trusty instruments, he stealthily crept upstairs on his hands and knees. The odor of gas that oozed from the keyholes along the hall told him that Mrs. Muffin had obeyed his order to the letter, and that the time was ripe.

Then he opened the door and entered the room of Mortimer Mushingham, his first victim. As he lay calmly upon his sofa it was but easy work and pleasant practice for Daniel Doolebon, the dentist, to assert his craft.

And it took him less than half an hour to treat the other fifty-eight boarders in the same manner.

CHAP. V.

The young man sitting in the dark Consumed the widow's name; It came about first by a spark And then a mighty flame. —Alfred Austin.

"Turn it off! Turn it off! Turn it off!"

As Daniel Doolebon's words poured out of the tube Mrs. Muffin shoved the lever of the gas meter over like one whose life depended on her strength.

Then rushing breathlessly upstairs she met her accomplice in the hallway.

"Hoo!" he said with a laugh, "the victims have all been victimized and resuscitated."

"So far so good," answered Mrs. Muffin. "But what next?"

"Why," and as he spoke Daniel Doolebon's eyes gleamed with hope and enthusiasm, "for ten weeks they will not be able to eat solid food. Can you save a huge fortune in that time?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Muffin.

"But that is not all," he went on. "We still have another hold on them. At the expiration of that time I shall in all probability be called upon to make artificial teeth for the entire number: there is a fortune in it—a fortune in it!"

For an hour and forty minutes the two lovers stood there in the hall locked in one another's arms. And then they became permanently engaged. —GEORGE A. BECKENBAUGH.

CHAP. I.
"Dinna ye love me then, Jeannie McBrassey? Dinna ye care a wee bit noo far me?"

It was McGaggis Twomore pleading. But in vain. He was crossed in his love like a Madden plaid. Lightly laughed Jeannie McBrassey.

"Hoot, mon!" she cried. "Ye dinna ken I would a' wa' to the moonster wit a mon that fo'zelled twel going apn th' tee. Hoot, mon! Come awa'! You're playin' th' oddie!"

CHAP. II.

It was 5 o'clock upon the tee. It was also 5 o'clock elsewhere, and there were other tees. But

this was the tee of the Finnan Haddy Club.

It was McGaggis Twomore addressing the ball. "Ye willna, ye willna!" he cried savagely, swinging his club like a New York policeman. "Take that, ye contravance of the d'ell!"

Hell, you know, is paved with golf balls.

Down came the club. Crack! McGaggis Twomore, with a vicious swing, followed through and the ball shot into the distance. Two days later with a search warrant he found the ball.

"Ye ken the stroke, caddy lad!" he cried. "Ye ken the stroke! I've won. Na wee bit since na pool, ye ken. Twa oop, an' wan to play an' we'll awa' to th' leetle moonster! She'll na the more ca'me m' th' brassie spoon!"

CHAP. III.

"Hoot, hoot, mon!" cried Jeannie McBrassey, "ye duffer! I'm o' a mind that ye're a wee bit daffy. The goff buck say ye'll na ween th' moch oef ye'll dinna find th' boil th' day! Hoot, mon! Ye're fay to come gallantin' her like a runner-up. Twa owa' wid ye, or I'll sic the caddy-lad to gie ye bra' thrummin'!"

"Dinna th' caddy-lad tell ye th' stroke? Didna I swear to set? Ah, Jeannie, I ha' na foosseid th' week."

"Wheest, mon! Dye think me fash to believe ye?"

"Meesery is me!" wept McGaggis Twomore, "I canna hole out!"

CHAP. IV.

The post from Edinburgh to Jammacaren-bush had passed from off the gorse-moors on the face of Ben Harrison just as the twilight fell on the links like a newsboy on a sausage. Looking from the windows of the coach was Jeannie, alibiling at a bannock, and her Tam O'Shanter filled with goodies for the bairns.

"It's a bit th' sorry is Jeannie," she murmured sadly, "that McGaggis foozelled th' drive. Wae is me."

From this reflection she was aroused by a sudden commotion in the road. The post-coach stopped suddenly, and there were loud cries in front.

"It's a hot time that the lads'll be makin' the night," thought Jeannie. "Aho! Mairey!" she cried suddenly, "ye'll no tooch a pur' Hieland lassie all alone."

"Hoonds oop!" said a man appearing around the bush. He was clad in a red jacket, a scarlet carigan waistcoat, checkerboard trousers, plaid stockings and spats over bobbed boots. Two others like him stood at the horses' heads, and Jeannie fainted at the villainous sight.

"Hoonds oop!" said the man again, and then galloping over the links like a cow after a runner-up came McGaggis Twomore.

"Hoonds up, yerse!" he yelled. Stooping swiftly two hundred yards away he tugged up a ball. Addressing it once, he swung at it with the body stroke, followed through, and then screamed triumphantly. There was a sharp crack, a cry of "Hoonds oop!" and the first villain fell, his heels clattering like pancakes on a marble floor.

"Two up and one down," yelled McGaggis Twomore.

Once again he tugged up the ball. Once again came the sharp crack as he drove off, and the second highwayman fell dead. The other, taking to his heels fled in affright.

Crack! The deadly ball, driven with unerring certainty by McGaggis Twomore, fetched him three hundred yards away! A moment later Jeannie McBrassey lay in her lover's arms.

"Aho!" cried the three dead robbers, "we'll na meddle plis again. I'm wearin' this is match play."

"McHaggis, McHaggis!" cried Jeannie McBrassey, coming to, "I'm yours. The match is halved!"

CHAP. V.

Whereas McGaggis Twomore sang loud in his joy the pibroch of the Twomores:

"It's a bra' noo fo'o-nel!

"And a fo'o-nel bra' new!

"A' bra' noo fo'o-nel,

"I'll be fo' four you,

"It's a bra' noo fo'o-nel,

"An' ye dinna had thatch,

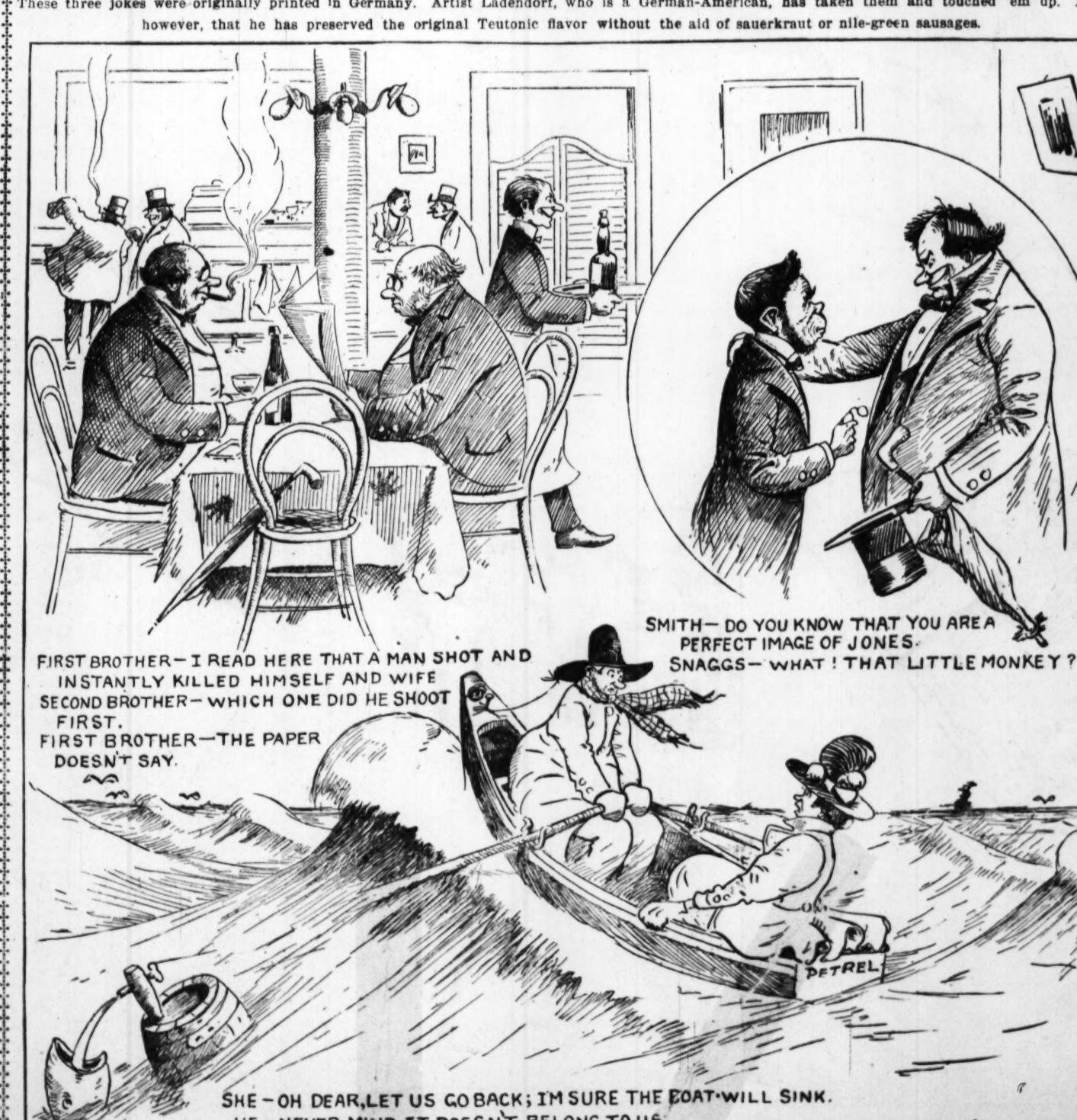
"Ye'd tak' it home th' noot,

"To drink hot Scotch!"

"Awa' to th' kirk. You's the moonie,

MADE IN GERMANY—REMADE IN AMERICA.

These three jokes were originally printed in Germany. Artist Ladendorf, who is a German-American, has taken them and touched 'em up. Note however, that he has preserved the original Teutonic flavor without the aid of sauerkraut or nile-green sausages.



FUNNY STORIES OF THE STAGE—TOLD BY FAMOUS COMEDIANS.

SOMEBODY SOME TIME SAID COMEDIANS WERE FUNNY ONLY ON THE STAGE—TISN'T SO, BECAUSE SOME COMEDIANS ARE NOT FUNNY ON THE STAGE, OR ANYWHERE ELSE—AND AGAIN, TISN'T SO, BECAUSE THEY TELL, BELOW, FUNNY THINGS THAT PENED FAR FROM THE MADDING FOOTLIGHTS—SO STOP THE ORCHESTRA, ROLL UP THE CURTAIN, AND HERE YOU ARE!

SAVED BY FIREFLIES.

By Louis Mann.

To the Editor:
Some years ago I was a member of an organization the principal actor of which was absolutely the limit in the lying line. Ananias and Munchausen rolled into one would finish last with him in the race, as attested by this, one of his little anecdotes:

I was travelling across the Isthmus of Panama with a party of friends. It was midnight. Our train was rattling along at about sixty miles an hour, when all of a sudden "Bing!" it came to a dead stop. All the passengers were roused up and congregated on the steps of the car along by a bridge. Suddenly the conductor came and said:

"We are in great danger. The west-bound express is coming along on the same track. We are stalled and we can't get on the other track. Is there any one who has the courage to take this red lantern and run toward the coming express train and signal her to stop before we are all killed?"

There was a minute of intense quiet; no one uttered a sound. Suddenly I spoke up and said, "I'll go." There was great cheering, and the conductor gave me the lantern. I started out to run toward the coming express. I ran and ran and ran. I was fast getting exhausted. Suddenly I

noticed to my horror that the light in the lantern was getting low.

There was next to no oil left. I kept running in hope that the train would come. The night was getting smaller and smaller, when simultaneously I could hear the approach of the express and see in the distance what looked to me like a giant city of dancing fairy lights. I kept running faster and faster; the light was getting lower and lower, and then to my horror it snuffed and went out. At this same moment I came upon that which seemed to be the city, but which proved to be millions of lightning bugs.

I could almost hear the heaving of the engine; my mind was in an awful condition, when suddenly it came to me like that! I was in the midst of all of the lightning bugs. Grabbing a handful of the little insects I pulled out the cup from the lantern, jabbed in the fireflies and swung the lantern just as the train swung up. I stopped the train and saved all of the lives. I was cheered by the passengers.

Upon reaching the boat at Acapulco I remembered something flying into my hand while I was running the night before, which in my excitement I had thrust into my pocket. The niece of Gen. Butler, who had been on the express, accompanied her thanks with tears. In the tumult of the train's sudden halt she had lost her pet canary. Impulsively my hand went into my pocket, and holding out something to her a second later; I asked:

"Madam, is this it?" Sure enough, it was the lady's bird I had caught in the darkness without knowing it.

REAL EXCLUSIVENESS.

By Frank Daniels.

To the Editor:

It seems to me this one illustrates the character of some of our English brothers very well:

Beerbohm Tree came out of a hotel late at night with another gentleman, arguing quite excitedly. They got into a cab. The cabman looked down and said:

"Where, sir?" Tree answered, "Home."

"Where is that, sir?"

Tree—Do you suppose I am going to give my private address to every cabman in London?

I suppose the cab and its occupants are still in the same place.

FRANK DANIELS.

City, just as the show was over, we heard the cry, "Hey, Rube!" and away we started for the circus cars a mile away. It was as dark as pitch, but we were able to find the railroad track, leading to safety.

But on the way, and just as a howling mob was almost upon us, we came to a bridge. Safety was in both of us getting down and hanging by our hands holding to the ties. The mob passed over the bridge, but then to get up was the question. We heard the water rippling beneath our swaying bodies; we were exhausted and could hold on no longer.

So we bade each other an affectionate good-by, and dropped into a foot of mud and water.

JOSEPH WEBER and LOUIS FIELDS.

AN EARLY EXPERIENCE.

By Weber and Fielas.

To the Editor:

Less than a dozen years ago we were little German clowns in Denler's Great World Circus—one ring and no menagerie. Being tender and unsophisticated youths, we were watched over by a kind ringmaster, M. Oscar St. Armond, otherwise Billie Smith.

When out in Iowa he told us if we heard the cry "Hey, Rube!" to run for our lives, as that meant there was going to be a fight. One night at Sioux

DEAD TEN YEARS.

By Roland Reed.

To the Editor:

I once played in a Western city and, after the performance, had retired to a quiet spot, there to partake of a bottle of wine with a friend. At an adjoining table sat two gentlemen who had evidently been to the theatre.

I heard one say: "I've just been to hear Roland Reed"—He got no further, for his companion interrupted him with the remark, delivered in most cutting sarcasm: "Why, you chump, Roland Reed has been dead ten years."

What his companion's reply was I don't know. I was shocked beyond expression at the sudden news of my decease so long before, and motioned to my companion, who was almost convulsed with laughter, to be good-night, rather than say "Good-night."

I told him good-night, rather than say "Good-night," and the clerk handed me my key and the bellboy asked: "What time do you wish to be called, sir?" I was not feeling very chipper—no man does after he's been dead ten years. I retorted: "I don't want to be called at all. I'm going to bed. I've been dead ten years, and don't want to be awakened at all!" ROLAND REED.

THE TWO JOHN LEONARD.

By Gilmore and Leonard.

To the Editor:
When Barney Gilmore, of the firm of Gilmore and Leonard, was having his daughter christened at the Church of the Paulist Fathers, Fifth street and Columbus avenue, Sunday, July 1, the following thing happened:

It is the custom to call aloud the name of the child to be baptized. Mr. Leonard was as proud as a peacock when the priest called "John Leonard."

Comedian Leonard, not knowing there child of that name to be christened, quite puffed, "Here, Father," whereupon all eyes turned his way. The priest replied: "No, but the infant."

"Excuse me, Father, I thought there was a mistake, for I was baptized many moon said Leonard. GILMORE and LEONARD.

THE POET'S CORNER

Conducted by Alfred Austin.

CHIDING CONSCIENCE.

Julius W. Taylor, Wilmington, N. C.
When a man lingers to forget,
It is then he remembers amen;
His thoughts cling to him yet,
Reflecting his treatment like a gem.

In his sleeve he whispers "forgot,"
But still lingers a little clue,
And you know he has not
Forgot all he knows about you.

He whistles, he dulls his cares,
The world doesn't know he is blue,
'Tis a thought that he fears,
That you to him won't be true.

Treat man as a panther, remember,
This policy you will never rue.

You can't forget what you remember.

Or you won't if you do.

This ode from North Carolina was selected for the place of honor this week because it came from a strange poet. We have been accused of showing favors to writers with reputations. It is false, and we will now prove it by giving first place to the above this week.

WITH CLASP OF HANDS.

Heart Flame—By Idi Monroe, Heart Poetess, N. Y.
As each leaf courts the wind that calls with bird-like cooing,

While it bents bough and twigs close to earth,
Floats a song on the atmosphere, like pale voice wailing.

And it seems paradise gave it birth.
Chants my soul as harp by scraping fingers hitting.

Near your form moves to hold fond and tight.
Then with clasp of warm hands on earth no longer sitting.

I feel we seek heaven in sweet flight.
It is scarcely necessary for us to again speak of the

FAREWELL.

By Frederick M. Thomas, aged 15.

FAREWELL, my darling!

I must go at last,

For you my heart is sadly yearning,

The shades of night are falling fast,

And the gray sky is quickly turning.

Let not this parting grieve you, dear,
Tis for the best that I shall go,

The war is on! My country calls,

And I must fight through smoke and snow.

For Scotland's banner shall still wave,

The hated foeman cannot tread

Over the land of the free and the home of the brave,

Or tread over the brave Scotch dead.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS.

By Press Eldridge.

To the Editor:
Gus Teets and I were old friends. Ten years ago we had a female minstrel show on the road

I'll sing them, too, between I and you,
Whenever my consent is from me rung.

Oh, I have hopes 'ere it is too late,

And it is never too late to forget,

And soon or late, high in the state,

A nation's gratitude I'll surely get.

From an egotist's standpoint this seems a success. But, as we have said before, this corner is the property of poets who are anxious to have us give our expert testimony as to the quality of their work. The writer of the above assumes that he has genius. We will only say that we do not agree with him. Moreover, he is too familiar. Our station forbids familiarity from any one.

HER DEBUT.

Said a lady living on Laclede avenue, St. Louis, to a colored female cook:

"Your references are satisfactory, and I rather like your appearance, so you can consider yourself engaged."

"De same to you, mum. When shall I make my deboo?"

CHINESE CAUSE UPHELD BY AMERICAN CARTOONIST



RECENT PICTURE-EDITORIALS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY DRIVE CRAYON-TIP SHAFTS AT EMPEROR WILLIAM AND THE OTHER FOREIGN POTENTATES WHOSE EYES ARE ON THE WAVING RICE FIELDS OF THE KINGDOM OF THE SON OF THE SUN—DO THE TISTS DO THIS FROM SYMPATHY OR DID LI HUNG CHANG RETAIN THEM ALL WHEN HE VISITED THIS COUNTRY?

GIGGLES FOR GROWN-UPS AND TITTERS FOR TOTS.

A STREET PARADE TO ADVERTISE MOSE'S INCUBATOR SHOW.

Boys and girls will notice that prizes are offered for names for the little twins. Send in a pair of names and perhaps you'll see them attached to a brace of twins.



THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS SHIVER IN THE POLAR BEAR'S COUNTRY.

Just see the warm-weather animals! They are shaking so hard that the children are nearly falling off! Wait till next week. Perhaps they'll all be warmer.



The bear begins to travel much faster than the wind; In fact, they scratch the gravel in such a close clip through the snow. O'er mountain and through valley On whistling wings they sail. Till suddenly they sail into the world of snow.

The white bear leaps fandango, He scratches glib and gay. The polar bear climbs the snow. The snake dreams of mangos. Upon the bending tree. The dog barks, but the bear not To tingle with a glow. The ostrich sticks his topnot For comfort in the snow.

The alligator's shedding Great alligator tears; The snake dreams of mangos bedding. To wrap about his ears; The pig grins, wind-screamed; Until he's little wren. Now faces all the blizzard, And gets it in the neck.

The elephant looks solemn— His trunk is frozen stiff. Call down his spinal column Go where the snow is white. The polar bear instances. Says: "Let's defy the storm And take a little sailer To keep us nice and warm."

The children, overwheled With joy, quick jump astride The beast to keep a-glowing And have a jolly ride; And in a burst of glee The wind begins to blow. "Mother, did 'Tew With vim to make

With nostrils wide distended, Across the billowed snow. They roared until they're hoed, And now they're all snow. Yes, on the parrotic Along the prismatic road, Inviting glee and gaud, Nor know where to 173 when.

B. K. MUNKEITH

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.



SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1898.

THE ART OF TAKING TIPS AS ILLUSTRATED BY A NEW YORK WAITRESS

(From photographs taken by the Sunday World's photographer.)



THIS IS THE WAY SHE RECEIVES A NICKEL.

THIS DOES NOT HAPPEN EVERY DAY.

THIS LOOK IS FOR THE STINGY PATRON.

WHEN THE HEAD WAITRESS IS NOT LOOKING.

SOPHY OF A WAITRESS.

looking, white-aproned young women as waitresses in the downtown cafes of New York play a far more difficult role than imagine. The average New York man is very exacting and disagreeable person hour. The taking of tips is, being delicate business, and is governed

by her patron's habits. New Yorkers are always in a great hurry and many of them are capricious and unreasonable. Now, in order to please one and to earn as many tips as possible, which is the test of success, one must exercise the utmost tact and patience. The best patron, for example, must be received with a smiling and some original remark about the weather. The exacting customer who never must be received with a gruff and coldness. And any mistake of the cooks in the way of small cold dishes must be treated in the same spirit. The man who never tips must expect to get tough beefsteak sometimes.

The taking of tips is an art in itself. A tip should, of course, never be taken openly, unless, of course, the head waiter is in quite another part of the room. And if the tip be ridiculously small it should be taken, of course, but the miserly patron must be made to feel his position. But, on the other hand, there are often great surprises in the shape of a bank note, and such liberality should always be rewarded with one's best smile and every evidence of pleased surprise."

NEW YORK TYPES--THE SPIELER.

DOUBTLESS one of the most distinctive of the types of New York women which have been appearing in the Sunday World for the past few weeks is the "Spieler" who is pictured on this page. If you have never been in the Tenth Ward probably you have never seen the Spieler, but everybody who knows New York has heard of her.

She may be a cousin of Chimmie Fadden. At all events she has much of his view of life, much of his vocabulary and many of his peculiar mannerisms. She acknowledges no responsibilities, and while she has none of the pleasures that would fall to her lot if she lived on the borders of Central Park, she is perfectly happy without them. She is not worried by poverty or worry, she is not oppressed by life in squalor, and in general she is as free and carefree as if she were a nymph in the forest rather than an unfortunate dweller in New York's worst district.

The Spieler is the tough girl of the district. She is bent on amusing herself, and there are few occasions on which she does not succeed. There is no time and place when it is not agreeable for the Spieler to dance. On the sidewalk, surrounded by street gamins from all quarters, she is far more at her ease than she would be on the waxed floor of a dancing hall. The wheezy melody from a hand-organ is sufficient inspiration to start the young woman in her favorite steps. In the dance halls of the east side the Spieler has full sway. No partner is necessary, although if he be forthcoming the hilarity of the dance increases. Among a little circle of onlookers, who jeer

TYPES OF NEW YORK WOMEN.



V.--THE SPIELER.

(From a photograph by Edowes.)

or applaud as the fancy strikes them, the Spieler almost nightly dances herself out.

The dance by means of which the Spieler expresses herself is not one to be seen in fashionable gatherings. It consists of a series of shuffles and turns, the dancer's body being held rigid as she revolves with automatic precision quite regardless of rhythm.

JAPANESE-AMERICAN TYPE.

HARP-EYED critics of American women have discovered a new tendency which is indeed startling to contemplate. The nervous type of face so long attributed to the American woman is gradually, it is claimed, submitting to the influence of contact with the Oriental character. Americans have

not only fancied and adopted on occasions the Japanese coiffure and the Japanese style of dress, but they are also assimilating the characteristics of the Japanese face.

That there is a foundation for this observation is sufficiently indicated by the sketches on this page, carefully made from life by a Sunday World artist. One is the definite Japanese type, almost enigmatically calm and self-contained. The other is the American type, influenced and modified by Japanese influence. The differences between the two types are marked, but the resemblances are even more striking.

The conclusion is that with the departure of the "trine" and the superfluous ribbon bow the nervousness and sharpness of the American woman's face have disappeared. In their place are the serenity and reserve of the Oriental. It has even been noted that

MINIATURES AS GLOVE BUTTONS.

(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)

larger element of chance than are most. An experienced waitress in one of "quick" lunch cafes posed for the Sunday World's photographer the other day to illustrate happenings in her day's work.

"I am not a satisfactory waiter is the one who best un-



THE PURELY JAPANESE TYPE, WHICH AMERICANS ARE COPYING.

(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)

MRS. POTTER PALMER.

ROBABLEY the most ambitious clubwoman in America is Mrs. Potter Palmer, who, notwithstanding her part as the head of many "woman's movements," has long yearned to be a leader of the foremost social circles of the country.

Last summer Mrs. Palmer's valiant efforts to storm Newport's citadels created much discussion, and



MRS. POTTER PALMER.

(From her best photograph.)

her ultimate success there has, it appears, definitely determined her social position in Chicago.

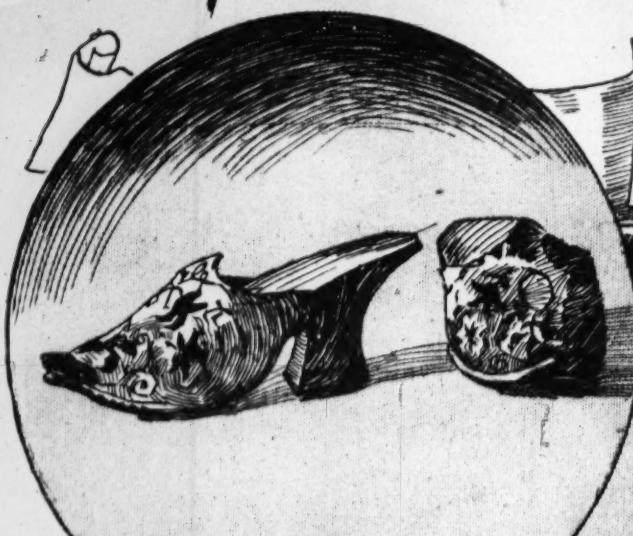
At present Mrs. Palmer is active in the role of leader with a spirit and with sufficient prestige to gratify even her own ambition.

Personally Mrs. Palmer is a more charming woman than ever and eminently fitted for the social position she so delights in filling.



JAPANESE INFLUENCE SHOWN IN THE AMERICAN FACE.

(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)



MULES OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XV.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE'S

OLD TURKISH SHOES

COURT LADIES' SLIPPERS
REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

ODD COLLECTION OF SHOES.



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S SHOES

VENETIAN PATTERNS
XVII CENTURY

MISS SMITH, POSTER ARTIST

MISS CURTIS WAGNER SMITH is an interesting young Philadelphia girl, who perhaps, Ethel Reed, is the most clever of poster artists in America. She first came into through a series of posters issued by the Philadelphia Press to announce its special Sunday features, a number of posters done by her for the Lipper Publishing Company attracted much attention, other of her posters for the Drexel-Biddle-B Company. Miss Smith's work is, as a rule, clear in outline and rich in contrasted color. Some of her illustrations, on the other hand, possess all the merit of minute delineation. Miss Smith comes excellent Philadelphia family, in which city she received her art training, w

QUEEN MARGUERITE'S DOUBLE.

MRS. GEORGE H. YENOWINE, wife of the well-known Louisville journalist, and a prominent society woman, has long been noted for her remarkable resemblance to Queen Marguerite of Italy. The photograph of Mrs. Yenowine reproduced on this page, which was taken recently, corresponds almost exactly with portraits of the Queen taken some years back, when she was a younger woman. When some years ago a prominent magazine published in New York published likenesses of Queen Marguerite, the many acquaintances of Mrs. Yenowine all over the country asserted their belief that she was the original of the pictures of "the most popular woman in Italy." Apart from her resemblance to Italy's queen, Mrs. Yenowine is a most queenly

MRS. G. H. YENOWINE, DOUBLE OF QUEEN MARGUERITE.
(From a photograph given exclusively to the Sunday World.)

looking woman, with a carriage and presence that might easily seem royal, and an air of faultless breeding. The social position which she has held in the West and South has been of the highest, and her circle of friends extends throughout the country.

NEWEST FRENCH COAT.

Among the most recent novelties sent over from Paris is the velvet blouse coat, pictured on this page. The coat is of a deep sapphire blue velvet, tightly fitting in back, and gracefully bagging in front. It is of the very latest cut, and would be becoming to almost any style of figure.

The most distinguishing mark of the coat, however, is the fact that it is embroidered in jewels, a fancy originated by some extravagant Parisian and promptly copied by hundreds of other women. Mock jewels were used in the coat pictured here, and the effect was quite as good as though the actual gems had been taken from my-lady's jewel box and hazarded on the outside of a street costume. Sapphires and diamonds were combined in an unusually pretty design, and at one side of the front the owner's coat-of-arms shone forth clearly in sapphires. The glitter of this new mode of ornamentation is not offensive to Parisian taste, and there are many velvet jackets made for January and February wear, which are an actual blaze of jewels from head to foot. Most Paris women have worn these coats with street costumes. New Yorkers, it is said, will employ them only for carriage and reception wear, for which they are undoubtedly more appropriate.

DUSE'S LATEST SUCCESS

IGNORA DUSE'S American friends will be unanimously relieved to learn that the actress has quite recovered her health, which is, however, never quite the same as robust, and that she is now playing with all her former verve and vigor. As will be seen from the reproduction of her latest photograph, taken in Paris, it gives unmistakable evidence of the strain of her recent severe illnesses. Duse's most recent success was at Monte Carlo, where she gave a series of six performances with what has been

that such a display of amateur work had been put before the public.

The exhibition was divided into three sections—competitive, invitation and technical—each having a particular and unique attraction to the throngs which came daily.

That kodaks have travelled the world over was evidenced by the competitive section. Pictures from all corners of the world made an instructive pictorial history for visitors.

The loan or invitation section, exhibiting photographs taken by distinguished members of European royal families, was a decided centre of attraction,

two examples reproduced here avoid the very faults to which so much modern photography is subject. Nine pictures out of the work of modern artists, are, as we say, too "photographic." They lack idealization, conformatory to recognized standards, and indicate a narrowness of view on the part of the artist. And it is this objectionable "photographic" quality which is absent from these art-photographs, despite the numberless restrictions under which the photographers work. All countries of the world have contributed their artistic inspiration. The most characteristic bits of European scenery have not escaped the influence of the tiresome "art-photographer," and the result is cosmopolitan to a remarkable degree.

AMONG THE ROYAL

PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THE EXHIBITION ARE THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, THE PRINCESS OF BATTENBERG, THE PRINCESS OF YORK, PRINCE AND PRINCESS CARL OF DENMARK

FIGURE IN A NUMBER OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS, AS DOES ALSO THE Czar OF RUSSIA.

TO NEW YORKERS ONE OF

THE MOST INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS IS THAT OF COUNT

CASTELLANI, TAKEN BY

THE COUNTESS, HIS WIFE.

THE FIGURE IS ON A FRENCH

TRANSATLANTIC LINER.

THE BIG STEAMER IS SLOWLY

THREADING ITS WAY

THROUGH THE DEVIOUS CANALS

OF HAVRE'S HARBOR.

EXCEPTION OF A FEW MONTHS IN NEW YORK AND PARIS. SHE IS QUITE YOUNG, A WIDE FIELD IN WHICH TO ADVANCE. IT IS NOT YET FILLED, BY ANY MEANS—A FACT DESERVES THE RESPECTFUL ATTENTION OF YOUNG PERSONS WHO ARE LOOKING AHEAD.

MME. ELEONORA DUSE.

(From her most recent photograph, just sent to this country.)

MOST ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE RECENT EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

VELVET COAT, EMBROIDERED IN JEWELS.
(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)"MEDITATION."
(From a photograph by Charles L. Berg.)

called "prodigious success." On the first night she played "La Dame Aux Camélias," and was recalled several times at the end of each act. The most conspicuous success of the week, however, attended "La Seconde Magie," a play unknown up to the time of this performance. The star role afforded tremendous opportunity to Signora Duse, whose emotional intensity was never more effectively employed. The results of the Monte Carlo experiment are very encouraging for the remainder of the winter's engagements.

WHAT THE KODAK CAN DO.

A EXHIBITION which has attracted widespread attention is that recently given by the Eastman Company at the National Academy of Design. It was the first time in the history of New York

while devotees of camera work carefully studied the technical side of the exhibit.

The reproductions made here are from two of the most artistic specimens of amateur photography shown in the exhibition. The results shown here would have seemed miracles to the photographer of twenty-five years back.

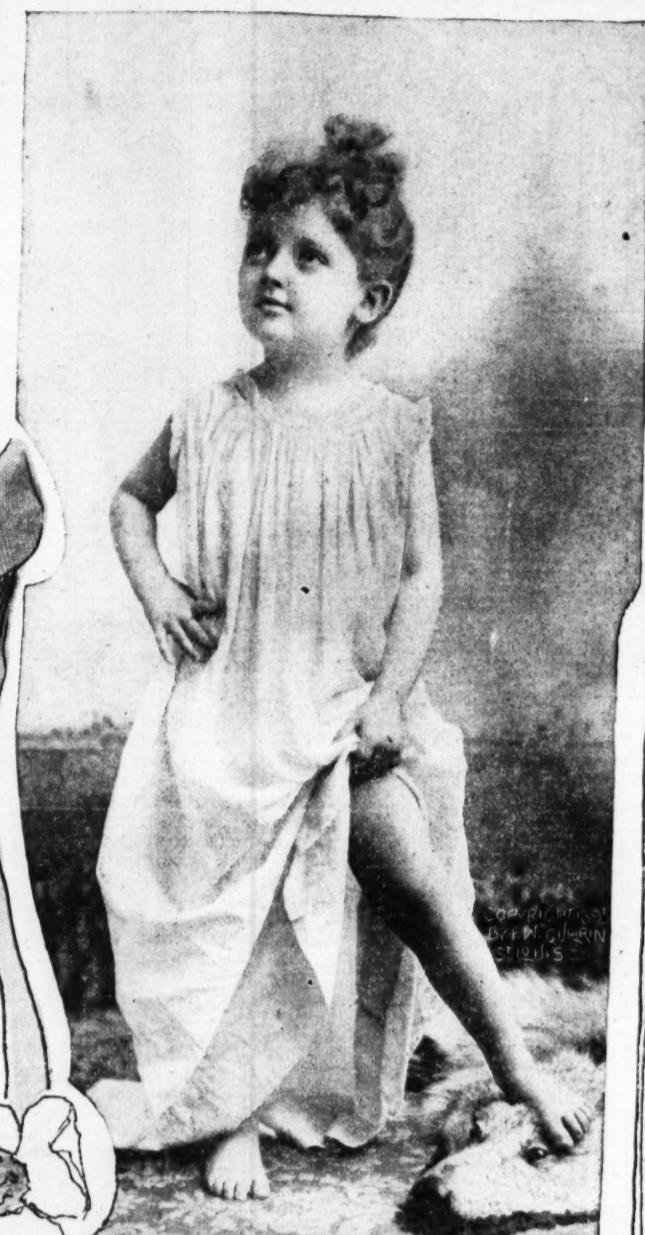
Formerly success was thought to be achieved if the finished photograph amounted to a bare, cold statement of facts. Now it has come about that the photographs may have many of the characteristics of painting and yet be wonderfully true to its subject at the same time. The beauty of a bit of nature, the picture of an unusual face, the animation of an interesting group—all these have been seized and preserved by the kodak with the aid of one of the astonishing of contemporary arts. Oddly enough,

"INTERRUPTED."
(From a photograph by F. H. Day.)

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1898.

BITS OF CHILD LIFE

SEEN THROUGH
THE
CAMERA



AMATEUR
SURGERY